

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.
Publication Office:
724 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.
Entered as second-class matter, October 3, 1878, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.
SCOTT C. BONE, Editor.

Telephone: Main 3709. (Private Branch Exchange.)
Subscription Rates by Carrier or Mail.
Daily and Sunday.....\$8.00 per month
Daily and Sunday.....\$2.00 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....\$6.00 per month
Daily, without Sunday.....\$1.50 per year
Sunday, without daily.....\$2.00 per year

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All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING
SPECIAL AGENT, Brunswick Building.
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRAN-
HAM, Bove Building.

FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1909.

LET YOUR PAPER FOLLOW YOU.

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Curb the Woolen Trust.

Evidently the woolen trust needs curbing, and we hope the intimation is well founded that President Taft will direct the Department of Justice to look into the operation of this gigantic monopoly. Better still would it be for Congress to do what it ought to have done long ago—adjust the woolen schedules in a manner to prevent further extortions.

An advance of 22 per cent in Spring wools for 1910 is already announced. This is not based upon pending or prospective changes in the tariff, as might naturally be supposed, but wholly upon the trust's ability and its disposition arbitrarily to fix any scale of prices it may elect. The people, the wearers of clothes, pay the bill, of course.

Not until Senator Beveridge had made a terrific arraignment of the tobacco trust, and revealed its iniquities through an unanswerable array of facts and figures, did the framers of the tariff bill equitably adjust the tobacco schedules. They did it then because the demand became irresistible. The woolen trust needs the same sort of treatment. Its extortions reach every family and bear down most heavily upon the middle and poorer classes. The clothing manufacturers are a unit in urging upon the President and Congress the necessity of relief from conditions that are year by year becoming more burdensome and oppressive.

Free raw wool offers the speediest and most effectual remedy. The theory that American woolgrowers profit by the existing condition is the veriest nonsense. It is a protection that, in the end, really protects only the woolen trust, whose extortions now fall little short of actual robbery.

The Passing of Reciprocity.

When the new tariff bill comes into force, there will disappear from national polity all trace of reciprocity save the single treaty with Cuba. In place of reciprocity will enter commercial retaliation, and we shall have placed ourselves on the same plane of high protectionism as Germany and France. We shall have a high minimum tariff and a still higher maximum or general tariff. The era of concessions in tariff rates will be over, for there are no reductions of duties in our retaliatory programme, only an abstention from raising them still higher, provided there is no "undue discrimination" against us in foreign tariffs. In this scheme of retaliation the protective policy reaches its high-water mark, for retaliation means the possibility of application, in a given instance, of prohibitory rates of duty, and the practical extermination of commerce. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of particular rates of duty, whether the final form of the tariff bill contain more or fewer decreases, still the protectionist forces will be entitled to say that they have won a decisive triumph in the adoption of the policy of retaliation. They have done pretty nearly what Speaker Cannon said at the beginning would suit the standpoints—these have made the Dingley rates, as to important schedules, the minimum tariff, and have enacted that the maximum tariff shall be 25 per cent, ad valorem additional to the minimum rates.

Ultra protectionists fought the reciprocity policy from the beginning, and have finally put it to sleep. Reciprocity, said its advocates, should be the "hand-maiden of protection," but protectionists felt it a dangerous female, for its purpose was to break down some of the barriers erected by the tariff to hamper foreign trade and to secure by doing so some mitigation of the rigors of foreign tariffs. It was an entering wedge, like free raw materials, that might rend the protective policy asunder.

For a quarter of a century the Republican party has fiddle-faddled with reciprocity, employing the idea to placate low tariff sentiment and to delude the voters generally, but when it came to putting the policy into practice, little or nothing was done of real or permanent value. Every reciprocity treaty containing any important concession has been laid on the shelf by the same element in the Senate which is now trying to revise the tariff upward. The sole survivor of the reciprocity era, the Cuban treaty, was forced through the Senate by President Roosevelt, and to his initiative also is due the German and other tariff agreements which will be terminated as soon

as may be after the new tariff bill takes effect. At nearly every stage in the campaign for reciprocity the protectionist forces have managed to defeat it in one way or another.

The course of international trade, now more than ever, is beset with hostile tariffs, and the manufacturers of every protectionist country rest upon an artificial basis which is difficult and even hazardous to disturb. Like the race for naval supremacy, the race for commercial supremacy through high tariff stimulation knows no place to stop. Reciprocity having failed, and downward revision being impracticable so long as your neighbor maintains high rates of duty, possibly the next recourse of low tariff men may be to international agreements for tariff reductions, as suggested by the French socialist, M. Jaures. There is excellent precedent for such action as this in the mutual abolition of sugar bounties, when they had become a burden too grievous to be borne. If our modern tariffs are largely the product of efforts to overtop our neighbors' tariffs, perhaps it is within the range of human capacity to arrange a reduction all around that would permit freer flow of international commerce without undue advantage anywhere. If nothing of this sort can be done, if tariff reduction is as academic a matter as the reduction of armaments, then indeed are we without much hope. Protectionism is as hard a nut to crack as militarism.

The Vanishing Milkmaid.

What is to become of Maud Muller? Are all our poetic traditions to be blanketed by a prosaic departmental report? Many works of ambitious pastoral literature are attributed to the Secretary of Agriculture and his patience in consenting to be the official father of much of this verbal production is altogether a credit to his philosophic patience with those who are acquiring, by academic observation, their first lessons in farming. But the calling of the farmer should be productive, not destructive. He is next to the first source of wealth, even if railway magnates build their economic kingdoms upon the tolls of transportation, and, mayhap, upon the temporary control of the freight issue. Moreover, even the mechanical harvester has its song that hums among its human helpers.

Out of the West, however, comes the report that milking machines are found to be a practical success. Such is the hard, utilitarian announcement. No poet could make verses out of a milking machine. There is no appeal to the imagination in the substitution of an air pump and a suction tube for the deft fingers and bronzed forearm of the faithful lass who at dewy morn or dusky eve persuades bossy to yield her rich tribute to persuasive pressure. Will the cows come home as of yore, from their browsing wanderings abroad? Shall all the farmstead lad's adventurous exploits of correcting mild bovine vagrancy over the hills beyond the meadows vanish from the alleviating adventures of rural life? Are the memories of the barn yard, the milking stool, and the brimming pail to go out of the reminiscence of pastoral youth? Already those who live in cities know that they must hear the clank of the milk can instead of the maternal lowing of the gentle cow. But is a mere mechanical contraption to banish the lure of that creature's productive placidity? The breathing of morning air, the sense of excursion, the smack of adventure in exploring bossy's wanderings, are among the precious treasures of memory, as they are among the amenities of life upon the farm. But a machine instead of a milkmaid? The age of utility demands a grinding, rather than a musing, poet. However, machine poetry is not a literary phenomenon. But obviously Mother Goose's cow never again jump over the moon if hitched to a suction pump.

A Woman in Congress.

The announcement that the women of Colorado will try to elect one of themselves to Congress need not disturb at once the anticipations of the House of Representatives. The purpose is to make the report two years hence. The name of the prospective candidate is Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker. Her candidacy is preceded with the modest announcement that success is uncertain, but that she will do her best. The advent of a woman member upon the floor of the House would be an innovation whose wonder would probably pass quickly. She might be expected to adapt herself to conditions, rather than to change them. The normal behavior of the Representatives would need no change, since women are always spectators, if not participants.

The wonder may be expected to pass long within the traditional nine days. But the accomplished fact may find its reflex among the British suffragettes, who struggle to get within hailing distance of Parliament.

The Cure for Gossip.

The Georgia legislature, with becoming gallantry, has made it a penitentiary offense "to utter any false or defamatory statement about a woman." If the necessity of such a statute seems for a moment a reflection upon the chivalry of the Cracker State, the champions of feminine fair names have exhausted, apparently, the power of the law to remove the blemish. But the question is pertinent, not alone to Georgia, but to any community where people take even a normal interest in social life, whether any legislation can cure vocal transgressions beyond the line that somewhat indefinitely divides the realm of pertinent and friendly comment from the region of gossip, which in turn trends closely upon the sinister territory of scandal.

It is to be noted that the punitive Georgia statute makes no distinction of sex as to offenders. Perhaps this omission is an intentional concession that it is sometimes the case that it is the ladies who talk about the ladies. But the assumption is that this legal prohibition is especially directed against men, whose transgression of a rule that should need no law to enforce its observance is usually limited to those whose tongues outrun their brains. It may well be doubted whether any printers' ink in a law book can cure or punish the willful traducer. There is the ready penalty of ostracism for such an offender, always available

and usually effective when it is the genuine expression of warranted indignation. That this is rarely employed is at least superficial evidence that the offense is infrequent. In other days, this transgression led at once among men of sensitive honor and courage to an appeal to the code duello. But that resort came gradually to be recognized as unsatisfactory. While its existence might exercise a deterrent influence upon the utterance of flippant comment or serious falsehood, it was apparent that bullet or the sword were as dangerous to the champion as to the offender. The appeal to combat, long abandoned as a futile feudal test of guilt or innocence, only preceded the civilized abandonment of the duel, in which the survivor was too often the less desirable to society. It is the development of individual courtesy, as the unconscious and natural expression of innate and inbred observance of the Golden Rule, itself the very essence of highest politeness, that will prove most conclusively that modern civilization needs neither the swordman nor the turnkey for its voluntary observance and protection of the elementary rights of womanhood.

The most charming thing about the average Southerner's pronunciation of "sir" is that he pronounces it neither "suh" nor "sah."

"The bungalow is the most popular summer residence; it is a product of Southern climates," says a woman's magazine. There is something about the name, too, suggestive of the idea that it may likewise be a product of "dry" climates.

A New Jersey man claims to have seen two ghosts engaged in vicious combat recently. Competition in New Jersey is confined almost exclusively to ghosts.

"Men's clothes have too many pockets," observes the Albany Journal. Especially since the cost of living has soared so high.

"It's not too early to begin your Christmas shopping," says the Des Moines Tribune. We think, however, it is entirely too early for the paragraphs to begin urging that view.

"What are port rates, anyhow?" inquires the Macon Telegraph. Just as soon as we have explained "What is a Democrat?" "Why is a cucumber?" and "When is tariff revision downward?" we shall certainly untangle the Telegraph's puzzle.

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"There are rumors to the effect that certain of the gubernatorial candidates have already begun to carry water on both shoulders," says the Dallas News. Thought Texas candidates carried chips on their shoulders.

"Walter Mason twangs his lyre to the tune that nothing is so bad that it couldn't be worse," says the New York Mail. Mr. Aldrich probably would consider that quite a compliment, only, we suppose, the Senator is by no means certain Mr. Mason ever read the tariff bill as proposed by the Senate.

Mr. Hilsen says the Independence Party is "a dead one." No flowers from Mr. Hilsen, either, in all probability.

Indian rajah getting gay? Watch out, raj! This is a bad year for royal cut-ups.

"There is something worth while besides filling barrels with gold," says John D. Rockefeller. Certainly. If other people did not fill their barrels with kerosene oil, for instance, Mr. Rockefeller could not fill his with gold.

As the country gets a straighter line on Mr. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, it begins to doubt, we suspect, after all, that it is impossible to prove that black is white.

"Laughter is good when it is a genuine outburst of mirth," says the Punks-tawney Spirit. And only then. The laughter that comes from poking a fellow-creature in the ribs is often positively ominous.

The combination lawn mower and phonograph probably confines itself to that beautiful selection, "Just Push, Don't Shove."

"Why does the scrub horse always win?" inquires the Denver Post. He does not. That is a fallacy as pronounced as that the amateur poker player always wins.

In the earlier days of Don Carlos' pre-tenership, so to speak, he was taken quite seriously, politically. Later, however, he named 5-cent cigars and parlor cars in his honor.

A small sample of the great Napoleon's hair recently sold in England for one thousand pounds. The man who bought it, however, probably makes a terrific howl about the high cost of living.

The weather man should make this July weather his perpetual model.

An Illinois girl flitted a millionaire for a soda water dispenser. The influence of soda water on the summer girl is little short of wonderful.

The Nashville Tennessean points with pride to Nashville's empty "jug" and ascribes it all to prohibition.

There is this view of it, however. Suppose an \$18 suit of clothes does cost \$25 under the new tariff; if you cannot raise the \$18 anyway, what difference does it make?

WORDS FOR OUR WISE.

The President Not Weaponless.
From the Springfield Republican.
The President is not waving a big stick or making threats. Nevertheless, Congress is evidently coming under all the pressure the Executive can conveniently bring to bear, and it amounts to just about the same thing.

Logic and the Executive.
From the New York Evening Post.
It is undebatable that unswerving logic should have no effect upon the President.

The Attorney General's Problem.
From the Philadelphia Press.
The Department of Justice at Washington is now struggling with this conundrum: "Why and when is a rooster a rooster?"

Work in the White House.
From the Providence Spirit.
President Taft appears to be laboring assiduously.

The Warning Prophet.
From the Boston Herald.
The President continues to read the signs of the times and to warn Belshazzar.

Mr. Aldrich His Own Umpire.
From the Atlanta Constitution.
They say Aldrich is "a good listener;" that is, he listens to argument and then decides that Aldrich wins.

Mr. Crane, Harmonizer.
From the Springfield Union.
Mr. Crane possesses great skill as a harmonizer, as the people of Massachusetts well know.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE JESTER'S PICNIC.
The picnic of the humorist is always just the same. He never gives affairs a twist to live up to the game. He always has a snake or toad to make the damsel fly. He always has that episode about the lemon pie.

He feeds the boys on apples green; he drops them out of trees. Then brings a bull upon the scene, their youthful blood to freeze. The horse's nest, part of his code, he never passes by. Nor overlooks the episode about the lemon pie.

Drooping Bolts.
"Every notable invention alters our language."

"That's right. Bolts from the blue may get to be very common when airships come in."

A Narrow Escape.
"When you do tell a lie," remarked Hamlet Fatt, "tell an elaborate lie." "I don't know about that," said York Ham. "Following that policy would have me the job I just got."

"How so?"
"A manager wanted to know if I had ever played Richelieu. I never have, but I said yes. I was about to say that I originated the part."

Lullabies.
When Boston babies yell and shriek And won't be pacified with Greek, The Boston nurse saves the day By caroling a Sanskrit lull.

A Yawning Void.
"No mere mortal," declared the professor in astronomy, "can comprehend the immensity of space."

"I think I can," ventured one of his auditors.
"And why you?"
"I have a daily humorous column to fill up."

Not Hard to Please.
"Girls demand so much these days."

"Oh, I don't know. Take the average girl on a street car ride and she'll declare that she has had the time of her life."

Nearest They Come.
"Does anybody ever really try to lick an editor?"

"Can't say they do," replied the proprietor of the Plunkville Palladium. "Sometimes they threaten to lick us over the telephone."

EVELYN THAW'S REVENGE.

Stagnant Attitude the Natural Result of Life of Froth and Fudge.
From the New York American.

Under modern conditions every great metropolis breeds at the most sumptuous extreme of its social scale a sordidness and spiritual destitution that is matched only by the deepest misery of the poor. New York is no exception to the rule.

The life of the younger Thaws—quite apart from any question of high crime or grosser immorality—has been narrow and shallow to a degree hardly to be matched in country towns.

It has been a life whose major issues turned upon matters of froth and clothes and the devices for killing time.

No one should be surprised, therefore, that this pitiable little woman—wholly lacking in objects of permanent interest or devotion—should at last have turned upon her husband with a stony affectation of reluctance, excusing herself with the plea that \$6,000 a year is not enough for a lone woman to live on.

It is the revenge of nature upon an existence dedicated to froth and fudge. And it makes life in a suburban house a quarter section of Nebraska land seem courtly and magnificent.

POOR LITTLE PERSIAN SHAH!

No American Parent Will Envy the Lot of This Royal Child.

From the Baltimore American.
The average small boy would much prefer a hoop, his marbles, or a baseball and bat to a crown. To be a king is not all it is cracked up to be, especially when one, like the little Shah of Persia, must leave his father and mother and be cooped up in a palace and be denied the undignified sports that delight the uncrowned youth of every land. When told he must be king, little Sultan Ahmed Mirza cried mistakes, a crime as serious as that which he was told that tears were not allowed in the Russian legislation that he checked his sobs. His royal father and mother, too, wept at the prospect of resigning him to the state, and the four-year-old prince refused to leave his father. Finally he was comforted, and promised to be a good boy and a good king—two hard propositions for him to live up to. His coronation will shortly take place.

No American parents will envy the lot of this royal baby, nor will any healthy, active youngster yearn to change places with him. There will be little fun in the restrictions of a palace and little pleasure in later years in sitting on a rocking throne, where, for a time, he may be playing ball on a back lot has a better chance for getting more out of life.

Alcohol and Gout.
From the London Telegraph.

Of all the articles of diet those most likely to bring on gout are alcoholic drinks of all kinds, although there are few that are really comparatively harmless in this respect, such as whisky and light Rhine wines. It may be noted in passing that gout is comparatively uncommon in Scotland and the Rhine provinces, where, respectively, whisky and light locks are popularly consumed in preference to heavy malted liquors.

The late Sir Alfred Garrod, who was an acknowledged authority on gout, very strongly expressed his opinion on the part played by alcoholic drinks in the production of gout in the following terms: "There is no truth in medicine better established than the fact that the use of fermented liquors is the most powerful of all the predisposing causes of gout; nay, so powerful that it may be a question whether gout would ever have been known to mankind had such beverages not been indulged in."

Found Biggest Nugget Died Poor.
From the London Evening Standard.

The discoverer of the famous Welcome nugget has died in the Ballarat Benevolent Asylum, aged seventy-four. He returned to Ballarat three years ago poor and in ill health, and had to seek shelter in the asylum. The Welcome nugget, one of the largest pieces of natural gold in the world, was taken from Bakery Hill, Ballarat (Australia), in 1858. It was found at a depth of 180 feet. It weighed 2,237 ounces 16 dwts. and sold for \$32,500.

Man Up in the Air.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.
So many people are flying these days that if they could all be collected in one place the air would resemble a country orchard, where mother catbirds, robins, yellowbirds, bluebirds, and wax wings are eagerly pushing and coaxing their young to use their untutored wings.

Wherein We Are Deficient.
From the St. Louis Republic.

We have learned how to telegraph without wires and fly without gas bags, but the antidote for a common, ordinary cold still mocks the folled searchings of the human race.

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

A Gigantic Merger.

Is there to be a merger of all the telephone companies in the country? The question is suggested by the absorption of the New York and New Jersey Companies by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the parent corporation that controls the Bell patents. The absorbed company supplies service to Brooklyn, Long Island, Staten Island, and New Jersey. It is thought that the next step may be the absorption of the New York Telephone Company, serving Manhattan and the Bronx. There are some 7,500 Bell companies in the United States. The capitalists controlling them have not hitherto adopted a policy of consolidation of this vast system. The project is concurrent with the report that there is a movement to consolidate the telephone interests with the great telegraph companies. The development of the long-distance service has made the telephone a competitor with the telegraph—a fact that may lie behind the reported merger.

An Interesting Decision.

The power of the public service commission in New York City is to be tested in the highest court of the State. The case involves the question of a franchise to operate cars over the new Queensborough bridge. The city board of estimate granted a franchise to a company to extend its line from Jamaica through the borough of Queens and across the bridge to Manhattan. The commission admitted the necessity of the proposed service, but objected to the terms of the franchise, on the ground that the company would be placed in control for fifty years of the only thoroughfare available for street railway purposes between Long Island City and Jamaica. It was also objected that no provision was made requiring the company to extend the line when necessary for the development of territory. The lower court held that the commission was authorized only to determine the question of necessity, and had no right to refuse the franchise on the grounds specified.

Cuban Amusements and Finance.

The Latin mind when applied to law-making, without executive restriction, seems to turn to amusement in preference to dull finance. The Cuban congress has this tendency by legalizing cock-fighting and establishing a lottery, while forgetting to make appropriations to maintain the departments of government. The insular constitution fixes June 30 as the last date on which the annual appropriation bill may pass. The oversight was afterward amended, but the legality of the act is questioned. The congress at Havana has not yet ventured to restore the bull fight. But it has considered the question of amusement such as the lottery wheel and the cock pit more important than the needs of the public treasury. The argument that the lottery is a source of public revenue only makes the local government a partner in demoralizing the people. The legislative eccentricities may be a part of the experience necessary to educate an unaccustomed proletariat in the art of self-government, which in this case implies the self-denial of the inherited forms of venal speculation and cruel amusement.

Uncle Sam's Investments.

The United States maintains the Monroe doctrine against European political control in the Americas, but this country has been too busy reeling capital in its own development to heed the power of the money lender. Of the foreign investments of the United States, \$700,000,000 is said to be in Mexico, \$500,000,000 in Canada, and but \$250,000,000 in Cuba, Porto Rico, Central and South America. Great Britain is credited with having invested \$750,000,000 in Central and South America, France with \$500,000,000 in Brazil, Argentina, and Mexico, and Germany with \$300,000,000 in Central and South America, including Mexico and the West Indies. The establishment of the Pan-American Bank will be a potential agent in promoting cis-Atlantic trade and commerce.

Polygamy in Liberia.

Dr. E. W. Blyden, an authority on conditions in Liberia, has delivered an address at Monrovia that may not agree with the views of the American commission recently to that country. He holds that the black republic cannot acquire civilization incompatible with the idiosyncrasies of the African. He declares: "We have been taught that polygamy is a sin. But compulsory monogamy is for Africa a mistake, a crime as serious as that which he was told that tears were not allowed in the Russian legislation that he checked his sobs. His royal father and mother, too, wept at the prospect of resigning him to the state, and the four-year-old prince refused to leave his father. Finally he was comforted, and promised to be a good boy and a good king—two hard propositions for him to live up to. His coronation will shortly take place."

Chicago's Front Door.

Chicago finds cause for envy in its traditional rival in the fact that St. Louis has a union station where all railways meet, and containing a hotel, a bank, and various possibilities of shopping for travelers. This establishment Chicago concedes to be a blessing. More striking still is the contrast in the approaches to the railway stations in the two cities. In St. Louis, the visitor may take a car at the front door to any destination desired, while in Chicago, in one case, the arriving traveler must pass two or three blocks through a jungle of saloons and low theaters. The progress of municipal reform in Chicago may in time remove a slum from its front. Conditions are such that Chicago must have several railway stations, but the problem of providing cheap transportation to and from them and between them is still to be solved. The present is much confusion, trouble, and frequent delays in making connections. Reformers are urging that the slums be abolished or removed and that special car routes between the stations be established. "Travelers to whom Chicago is a place en route will welcome this movement."

"UNCLE JOE" AN INSURGENT?

Speaker's Attitude Raises the Hopes of a Chicago Paper.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.
Uncle Joseph Cannon is almost persuaded to become an insurgent. His remarks on the "funny" ignorance that prevails in the country with reference to the tariff, on the wickedness of special interests in exploiting such ignorance, on the sad effect of higher protection talk on the ultimate consumer certainly have an "insurgent" sound.

But why is the Speaker surprised at such things? Why does the ignorance in question seem funny to him after his long experience in public life and in stand-patism? Why has it not occurred to him that the ignorance of the average legislator as to the tariff is much flatter and much more dangerous? Indeed, it is the hopeless ignorance of the tariff-makers that is largely responsible for the ignorance of the man in the street and his disposition to believe what wicked and justifying increased prices of tariffs were based on facts; if we had the machinery for obtaining accurate information and the good faith to apply it; if Congress were not afraid of too much knowledge about the tariff; if, in short, everybody understood that rates were fixed with firmness and intelligence on the basis of ascertained differences in the cost of production, the opportunity to boost prices regardless of reason or propriety would be reduced to a minimum. It is the business of a statesman to take full account of human nature, of the parts played by rumor, credulity, fear, avarice, selfishness, in legislating for great masses of people and conflicting interests. The standpatters who are surprised at the ignorance of the consumers had better ask themselves what they themselves know about the tariff, and whether they are not more glibly than the men and women who are bunked by combines overprotected by skyscraper duties. It is to be hoped that the Speaker will carry his insurgence up to the point of insisting on a tariff commission and protection rigorously founded on facts. Better late than never, as Senator Cullom appears to have realized, for his present position on the revision question, due no doubt to popular agitation and public sentiment, is a vast improvement on that which he maintained during the passage of the bill in the Senate, and, indeed, is refreshingly liberal and enlightened.

NATION'S ORGANIC LAW.

Tampering with the Constitution Held to Be Full of Peril.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel.
Gladstone once said that the Constitution of the United States was "the most wonderful instrument ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

It has stood the wear and tear, the stress and storms of more than a hundred years. It has weathered every gale and triumphantly met every crisis of our national life.

The Federal Constitution is the fundamental law of the land. Every amendment to the original instrument has been adopted because of the development of the country in its earlier years, or of some great crisis like that of the civil war. It is now forty years since the last constitutional amendment was adopted.

We do not belong to that class of citizens who believe that "what has been shall be throughout all generations without end," but it must be a grave cause that will justify a change in the fundamental law of the land.

No such cause exists to-day. No serious national crisis demands a change in our fundamental law. To tinker with our Federal Constitution is dangerous business. The American people will think long and soberly before they approve any measure to change the nation's organic law. If once the bars are let down, and Constitution tinkering is indulged, a path full of peril for the republic will be made dangerously easy of access.

FLIRT MAKES GOOD WIFE.

And Flirtation Contributes to Higher Human Happiness.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
The flirt—by which is generally meant the feminine inconstant—is by no means the cold and heartless being of the novelist's misrepresentation. Sir Walter Scott knew better when he wrote that woman "in our hours of ease, uncertain, coy, and hard to please, is to mankind's pain and sorrow veritably a ministering angel."

It is remarkable how often a girl who has had a score of hearts a-flutter, a dozen pale flaxen scalps dangling at her girdle, and who is, therefore, set down by her elders as more effervescent and volatile than perfume, makes one of the most domesticated of wives and mothers when her time comes to marry. The face once wreathed with light, mocking laughter becomes beautifully serious over a cradle, the favor that she once dispensed among any number of candidates for her girlish heart and hand becomes a woman's love to be bestowed, for all wives, upon one man out of the whole wide world.

No Real Wit in It.

From the Cincinnati Star.
The "O, you" witicism is now in the full tide of its mad career. To be considered strictly up to date one must remark on suitable occasions, "O, you kid," or indulge in one of the many elaborations of the phrase. Surely, there must be an aching void in the reservoir of wit and originality when the entire country, parrot-like, catches at some senseless phrase and introduces it ad nauseam.

Think of What It Omits.

From the Thornton (Ind.) Times.
Don't get mad at what a newspaper says about you. Be thankful at what it doesn't say.

AT THE HOTELS.

"The name 'silver fox' as commonly used by furriers, includes the dark phase of the ordinary red fox, variously called silver, silver-gray, silver-black, or black. The animal is the common fox of North America, the crafty Reynard of the books, closely allied to the European fox," said Herman Steinhil, of New York, who is interested in the import and export of furs.

"Only in recent years and in most cases only after experience with the less valuable red fox," continued Mr. Steinhil, who was seen at the New Willard, "have serious attempts been made to raise silver foxes. Of some twenty parties known to have engaged in breeding them one began fifteen years ago, another eight years ago, while all the others undertook the business within the last five years. Those who have persevered in spite of early failures have in the end obtained considerable success."

"Some have become discouraged and have discontinued after a few years, while others are now just beginning, and their experience is too slight to be of much value in determining the practicality of the business. Most of them are men of small means, who have sparsely settled regions. Their original stock has been obtained chiefly by taking the young from the dens of wild foxes. In some cases small cote companies have been formed, consisting of small sums of money invested in land, equipment and breeding stock. Most of the companies have failed."

"Thus far the breeding of silver foxes has been carried on chiefly in the State of Maine and in the Canadian maritime provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. It has been undertaken to some